

*At my eighth birthday party Aunt Clare asked me, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"*

*"I want to be happy," I answered.*

*My mother was walking past at that moment. She stopped long enough to cuff me along side the head. "You can't be happy," she said. "You have to be something."*

*Years later, despite my mother's words, I realize that may have been the defining moment of my life.*

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